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GEE AITCH 43

No. 40. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Saturday, June 21, 1919

Base Ball This Afternoon

Movies Tonight

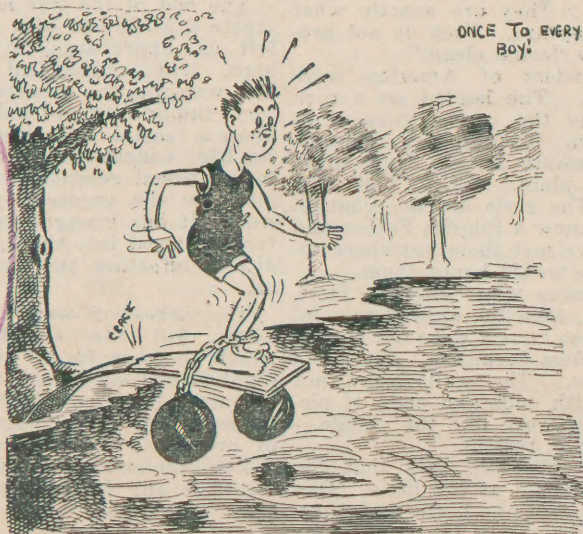
The local team will play here to-day, opponents unknown, at the time fo going to press

AND TOMORROW
another game on the local field.

TO LOSE ANOTHER GOOD MAN.

One after the other our "four square" pillars are leaving us. This time the pillar of the Post Exchange, the stewart of this enterprising mer-

chandising establishment, Sgt. 1st c. Wright is our subject. He has been long with us, and longer with the colors of Unk Sam. Enlisting in the Medical Department something over four years ago, he has served with this branch in different parts of these United States and remained a wearer of the serpent caduceus and the maroon and white hat cord to this day. A bit over six feet of height
(Continued on last page.)



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GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

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commanding officer.

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Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Officer of the Day:

Lieut. Henry J. Austin.

Saturday, June 21, 1919.

The great things of the world—men, or women, or mountains, or ideas—are simple. They are easy to understand. They are exactly what they say they are. They do not pretend. They “come clean.”

The founders of America were simple folk. They landed on a rock that became the corner-stone of a great nation. They gave it a simple name—Plymouth Rock. Their dress was very plain. They had few changes. The style did not change. We would know a Pilgrim Father and Mother if we met them anywhere today, and we would honor them.

Their houses were simple. First, the log hut, then the stately colonial house. These houses were not crowded with useless furniture. They had open spaces. The walls were not cluttered with odds and ends of pictures. They were like the people—strong, simple, restful.

Benjamin Franklin said that too much was as bad as too little. One could live in but one house at a time, sit in one chair at a time, wear one coat at a time.

It is true, too many things, too many plans, choke up our lives. You know people who are so busy taking

care of their things that they have no time to live. Some folks do not know, at the end of the day, whether the sky was blue or gray. They did not hear the song-sparrow although he sang bravely. They did not glimpse the road border of dusty mulleins and sky blue chicory and ox-eye daisies. Too busy. Daily they miss the salt and savour of the earth. They have forgotten the simple, beautiful things.

America was founded in simplicity by the Puritan Fathers. It was visioned in simplicity and greatness by Abraham Lincoln. Last year Americans were laying down their lives for a simple truth—the freedom of humanity must be sure. Work and hunger and thirst and life and death and love, the simple facts of life are stripped for action.

We stand again on Plymouth Rock.

* * *

Character, like an ocean crag, can challenge the assaults of the roughest storms.

* * *

The end of the war has left us to create a world out of a chaos; it has left us, unprepared, to solve problems, transcending all experience. The war was the greatest of all history; the problems of industry, trade, finance, social organization, domestic life, education, government and international relations, which it has left, are the greatest in history as well. It has brought into play new forces, thrust into the light new conditions affecting the lives of all of us.

The ashes of war are shovelled away, but the added equipment which the war forced the nation to build is still standing. Out of these resources America will forge a large future. May that future be golden of prosperity and permanent peace. We will all have a share in the moulding of it and let history record our work well done.

* * *

When everything seems to go wrong on the outside, examine your inside.

PARODY ON "THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL."

(By one of the Firemen.)
Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are going fast,
And I'm growing weary only
Thinking of the past.
Old remembrances loom up large
Such as beer with foam,
I'm still waiting for my discharge
Down at the Old Soldiers' Home.

Chorus:

It's a long, long time a coming,
I don't know how long 'twill be,
Before those papers reach my hand
And say "Boy, you're free."
But I hope by gosh, I get them
Before the First of July,
So's I can get my share before
The United States "goes DRY."

TO THE OUTGONE.

The following Post dwellers have received their scrap of paper (discharge) and homeward bound to array themselves in the civvy togs: Pvts. 1st c. Richard Linnell, Joseph Mingora and John Bessy; Pvts. John Murawski and Hershel Upchurch.

HIS OWN COOTIE.

A gold-chevroned lad met a sweet lady in the park. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "tell me about your experiences. I do so much want to learn something about cooties; are they as wonderful as they say?"

"Well," said the Kaiser getter, "a cootie is a great little beast, and easily trained—wait, I'll show you." (Picks cootie from O. D. shirt.) "Here now, Fritz, show the lady how you can stand up. Now dawnce, ata boy, Fritzie. Here now, make a long jump." Cootie jumps and lands on lady's blouse.

"Gracious me!" she screams. "Take him off me; here!" And hands cootie back to soldier, who continues: "Now, Fritz, do a somersault." But the cootie remains motionless in his palm. "This is a mistake," he explains. "Give me back my own cootie!"

LOCALS WIN.

Locals won from Hampton 4 to 3, in the game Thursday afternoon. Cooper pitched a nice game for the locals, striking out nine men, while Burbank for the Hampton team, showed wonderful form, in spite of this being his first game for the season. Good playing throughout by members of both teams. The game was close, fast and interesting. Acting-corporal Jake Schaffer started umpiring the game, but his stay was short-lived, as he retired after the first inning.

General Hospital 43:

	Ab	R.	H.	Po	A.	E.
Novick, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Curtis, 2b.	3	1	1	2	2	0
Knode, R., 1b.	4	2	3	9	0	0
McCarthy, c.	3	0	1	9	2	0
Knode, S., 3b.	3	1	1	2	4	0
Long, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Dempster, s s.	3	0	0	1	3	1
Shollenberg, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Cooper, p.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Total	31	4	8	26	11	2

Hampton:

	Ab	R.	H.	Po	A.	E.
Total	30	4	8	26	11	2
(a) Brittingham out, interfering with ball.						
(b) Cabell batted for Brittingham in 9th.						

Sacrifice hits, McCarthy. Stolen bases, R. Knode, McCarthy, Long (3). Double plays, Dempster to Curtis to R. Knode; S. Knode to Dempster to R. Knode. Struck out by Cooper, 9; by Burbank, 10. Bases on balls, Burbank, 2. Hit by pitched ball, S. Knode, Golby, Diestal. Umpires, Shaeffer, Grennon and Lieut. Mayer.

ON PASS.

Enjoying brief sojourns back home at present are: Sgt. 1st c. Charles Bove, Cook R. S. Tichnell and Pvt. William McLean.

ON THE JOB AGAIN.

Cpl. Jacobs has returned after spending several days back home, looking fine, and has resumed his duties again.

MORNING ZEPHYRS.**The Musical Yodler.**

Pvt. Hyman Silver, prominent in musical circles of Phoebus, is at present delightfully entertaining the boys at the J. W. B. Hut, Phoebus. As a soprano soloist he's a fish.

—Contributed.

—o—

"Mess Sergeant" Smith seemed to have his hands full with the visitors from Hampton, (female, of course) Thursday afternoon. Some college girls, especially the one from Arkansas, Smitty. We hope the pictures show up good.

—o—

Sergeant Sargent seems to be all took up with the Henry parked near his fire house, devoting considerable time scooping "chauffeur" information. You tell 'em back home all about it, Sarge.

—o—

Corporal Restall, veteran fireman, is anxiously awaiting the next wedding invitation, as he is getting weary of pink tea affairs.

—o—

What was the big idea, Ruch (White) Thursday night at Buckroe? You didn't know anybody. Must have been a case of being "two sheets in the air." Huh?

—o—

Sgt. McGrady's eyes seemed hazy recently. Remember that night was made for the sole purpose of sleeping.

"EXPULSIVE" POWER OF A NEW AFFECTION.

Capt. Robertson, Chaplain, will deliver the second of a series of sermons, previously announced, tomorrow morning in the Protestant chapel at 9:30. His subject will be "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."

You are cordially invited to attend these divine services which will last an hour. The choir will render special music for the occasion.

Church call will be sounded at 9:15 every Sunday morning.

TO LOSE ANOTHER GOOD MAN.

(Continued from page 1.)

with a kindly good nature, Sgt. Wright has been a figure well known to all of us. He hails from Tulsa, Oklahoma, in which direction he will straightaway wend his way when he leaves our community sometime next week. He has served well and as we bid him Godspeed on his civil life embarking, and we all know that he has a full and just claim to the "Honorable" he will then have safely tucked away in his pocket. Adieux! Sergeant, our kindest wishes.

THE MARINES.

The W. C. C. S. show which comprised three one-act sketches, appeared in the theatre as per schedule Thursday evening. These acts were very pleasing, and the pianist singer being especially good.

OVER NIGHT HASHINGS.

(With Correspondents.)

SID says, "That he has but one place and time to die, and it may be a pleasure to spend the last in the Old Soldiers' Home."

—o—

There is a certain non-com on the Post that seems to think that the "Old Buckeye State" is a bum place, but just think of the Old Hoster of Colorado, Industrial Schools, Reform Farms, 'n everything, as well as the few Good residents of Old 43. May-be "SID" knows.

—o—

Cpl. Townsend recently lost a coat, and after a long search, he found same in the tailor shop. Brainstorms or failing memory, Corp, which?

—o—

Someone in the theatre audience recently remarked upon seeing Acting Corp. Shaffer in a box toggled up white suit, "What mess hall does he work in?" You tell 'em, Jake.

—o—

Sgt. 1st c. "Oklahoma" Winters is now in the hospital, and owing to his lonesomeness, would like to have all the boys on the Post pay him a visit at Ward 4. Candy and flowers are welcome. "I ain't kiddin' you, either."